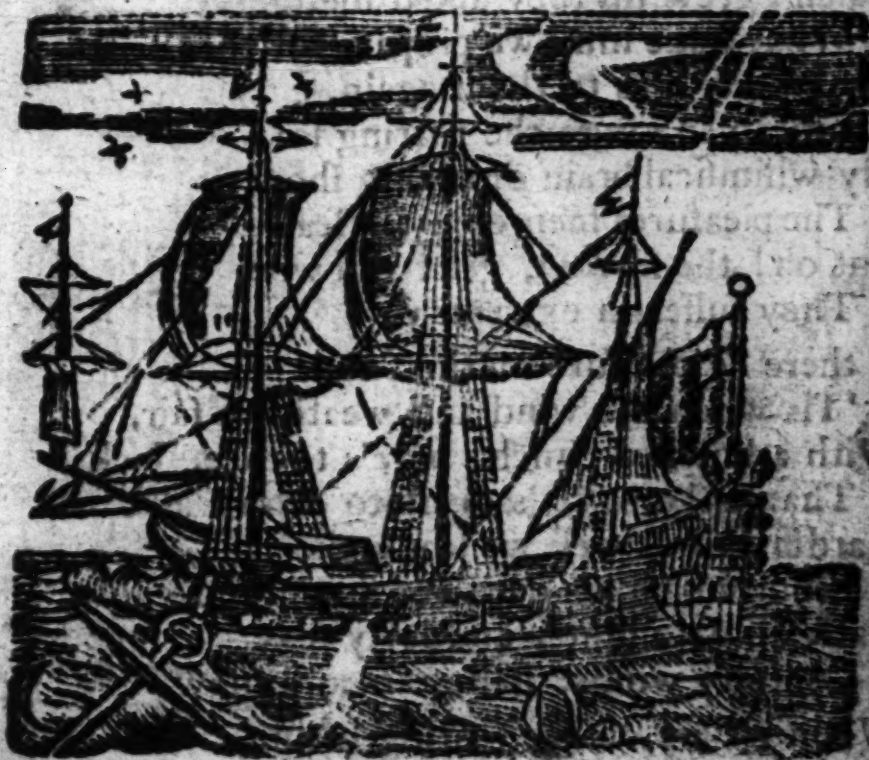


THE DISTRESSED SAILOR'S

GARLAND.

IN THREE PARTS.

- I. The miseries and hardships of poor ship wreck'd Sailors.
- II. The Sailors resolution to let the ship drive before the wind.
- III. The Sailors thankfulness for fair weather; also shewing how they delight in pretty girls company after they come on shore.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

THE DISTRESSED SAILOR'S GARLAND.

WHEN first I drew the breath of life,
'I was in the merry month of June,
The fourteenth day as I am told,
When flowers they were in their bloom ;
It was in seventeen hundred and five,
That was the very date of the year,
My parents did for me provide
The best of learning I declare
When I grew up they asked me
What trade must we prepare for thee :
My answer was to them again,
I mean to range the roaring sea ;
My whimsical brain did falsely show
The pleasures men enjoy at sea,
But oh ! the sorrow, grief and woe,
They suffer in extremity.
If there be pleasure on the sea,
'Tis when the wind and weather's fair,
With a bowl of punch, here's to thee, Jack,
Thanks Tom, let's drink to drown all care :
Hardships full well we know there be,
From which we dare not flinch you know,
Dark dismal nights, and lofty seas,
Contrary winds, hail, rain and snow.
When we are on the roaring main,
The wind right aft and a pleasant gale,

We have our wish and heart's desire,
 'Tis then we spread a crowd of sail;
 Our main-sail haul'd up in the brils,
 Our fore-sails drives us clearly through,
 Main-top-sails and top-gallant-sails,
 We'll hoist and make a gallant show.
 Fore and fore-top-sails, studden-sails set,
 So chearly then we drive along;
 When this is done then down we sit,
 To a bowl of punch and a merry song:
 We drink a health unto our wives,
 The pretty girls our sweethearts too,
 The Captain and the Officers,
 Our good-like ship and jovial crew.
 The wind won't stand I am afraid,
 It beareth forward still I see;
 Get the fore-tack to the cat-head,
 And the fore-tack down with a passee;
 Down studden-sails, alow and aloft,
 And lay them by for this time,
 And hoist your stay-sails fore and aft,
 And trim your sails all to the wind.
 O now she'll hardly lie her course,
 'Tis better get our tack on board,
 Our sheets elose aft, and boilings haul'd,
 And all things in readiness prepar'd;
 We must expect to head the sea,
 The foaming billows soundly roar,
 Like hills and death they look you see,
 And now our pleasant sailing's o'er.

It was steady, steady, now 'tis lof,
 And don't fall off, and thus no near,
 The grampus blews, and lofty speaks,
 The sky looks dismal, I declare,
 So in top-gallant-fails, my boys,
 Haul down your top-mast-stay-fails too,
 We'll meet a tartar I'm afraid,
 We'll settle our three top-fails now.
 Come, boys we'll reef whilst we have time,
 Let go your top-fails-halliard now,
 Your main and fore-top-bowlings are gone,
 Set in your weather braces now;
 And spill the sails my hearts of gold,
 And haul out your reef-tacles too,
 For it will blow I plainly see,
 So clew them up whilst you are below.
 Three single reefs in each lop-sail,
 Then we'll furl them it is agreed,
 So bear a hand my hearts of gold,
 And make haste down with a nimble speed;
 And see the jear's clear'd fore and aft,
 The downhall tackles hook'd also,
 And all things readily prepar'd,
 Both up aloft and here below.
 Breal up the mizen-snug my boys,
 So chearly lower away the yard,
 The peteral shews herself, I vow,
 Which tells us plainly it will blow hard:
 You nimble fellow at the helm,
 Pray keep her under your command,

A good rack full and away with her,
No near, my boys, no near you can.

A good hand stand to the main-sheet,
And see all clear to let fly :

It looks as thick as butter-milk,
And will be with us by and by ;

So hard-a-weather goes the helm,
Let fly your main-sheet now with speed,

The furious squall will soon be over,
It breaks a-pace you may perceive.

So gather aft your sheet again ;
Loof-round, my boys, let's loose no ground,

The sky looks dark and dismal wet,
We'll surely lower our fore-yards down.

So forward now my hearts of gold,
See clear the lifts in the first place ;

A sturdy fellow to the jears,
Strength is required at the brace.

The down-haul tackles must be mann'd,
Clew garnets, bowling, leech-lines too,

Loose of the sheet, let rise the jack ;
Come now, my boys, we'll clew them up,

Belay the lifts, secure the yards,
'Tis up aloft, and furl him snug,

Coil up your ropes, and then come aft ;
We'll all hands tipple nut-brown jugg.

'Tis now our helm is lash'd a lee,
And all securely fast aloft :

You at the helm, pray mind the glass,
How she comes up, likewise falls off ;

The gale increases stronger still,
 It blows a reef in our main-sail,
 By one consent let us reef it now,
 Let Sailors courage never fail.

So to your stations now, my boys,
 And stand by Sailors every one,
 So chearly lower away the yard,
 Whisk in the braces the bowlings gone ;
 When this is done, then down we come,
 To see what more we have to do :
 We'll loose our mizen now, my boys,
 We'll ballance him and set him too.

Now it is ballanced in a trice,
 Sway up the yard, haul aft the sheet,
 No sooner set but away she flies ;
 And leaves the bolt rope in his stead.
 Our ship lies too most dangerously,
 All in the trough of the roaring sea,
 Which takes us on our broad-side,
 And over us makes a passage free.

The sea does run prodigiously,
 For God's Sake boys, what must we do ;
 You see the danger we are in,
 'Tis better sound then this lie too :
 By one consent let it be agreed,
 In readiness prepare all things,
 And bunt the fore-sail securely fast,
 And we will scud under our goose-wings.

THE SECOND PART.

NO hard a-weatner goes the helm ;
 Oh ! will she wear, or will she not :
 way she flies before the wind,
 She bears a-pace, thanks to fortune kind ;
 way up the yard, haul aft the sheet,
 Belay the braces, secure fast ;
 two able Sailors to the helm,
 It blows a hurricane at last.
 Steady, steady, is the cry,
 Pray mind your helm, and steady star-board,
 way she flies, meet her again
 And stop her there, now hard in port :
 Pray mind the motion of her head,
 For your sake, boys don't broach her too,
 or all our lives lie at the stake,
 Our goodly ship and jovial crew.
 No sooner spoke, but too she flies,
 Alas ! we drove but all in vain
 on the green, and down she lies,
 As if she'd never rise again :
 And thus in our great distress,
 Our mizen-mast we cut away,
 thinking to right her once again,
 All in vain, so down she lay.
 The gale increases stronger still,
 But now our sorrow did more afford,
 to have our lives, and goodly ship,
 We cut our main-mast by the board :

The seas we shipp'd were wond'rous high,
 Which stav'd our boat in pieces small,
 Of all our loft-tearing masts,
 Our fore-mast stood, and that was all.

THE THIRD PART.

THE wind is down and the weather's fair,
 Oh! what a blessed change is this,
 We ought to pray to heaven high,
 That deliver'd us in our distress:
 But when we are from danger free,
 We soon forget his tender love,
 And headlong run to sin again,
 Which draw such Judgment from above.
 Whilst under this afflicting thing,
 We from all evil would refrain;
 But when from danger we are free,
 We headlong run to sin again;
 With good rum-punch we'll play our part,
 With pretty girls we love to be,
 And never rightly satisfy'd,
 But when in their sweet company.
 So to conclude and make an end,
 If I had but known as much before,
 I would have cry'd, Sweep chimney sweep,
 And black your shoes from door to door,
 Before I'd gone upon the sea,
 Where foaming bellows aloud did roar:
 So all young men, be warn'd by me,
 And always live upon the shore.

FINIS.